



No one heckles Eddie Vedder



trollcatz

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<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2008-02-15 09:20:00

MOOD:  smiley

Last night T. walked into a house smelling of...

...dinner.

"Holy f%&k," she said.

I handed her a glass of wine. "No, sweetie. But it rhymes with that."

Not as utterly perfect as when Platypus makes it (the skin was crispy, but not quite as crispy, because I lost my nerve, and hello, hungry). But the cherry sauce may have been actually better for having sat and thought about itself for a while.

Then, finally, for the first time ever, I beat her at Guitar Hero. Guitar Hero is way better with heckling.

As far as anything else I did on Valentine's Day evening, you do not have Need To Know status.

Thank you, Platypus, for the procedures manual for dinner. You are teh bestest. <3 (The rest of the evening, I kinda winged it.)



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend


But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--

9 comments



 [cvillette](#)

[February 15 2008, 18:13:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

retains wingman status

rejoices

So. Question. Do I invite Tasha over for dinner tomorrow night (I could make chili! She could help me decimate Elmer's first offspring!), or do I take her out somewhere?

This is probably going to be one of those conversations everybody would rather have without Really Not Interested At All waiters refilling the water glass every ten seconds, isn't it?



 [asciikitty](#)

[February 15 2008, 18:18:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You asked Harpy, but I'm answering.

If a) she's been to your place a bunch and is comfortable there AND either b) you expect to end up spending the night together OR c) it won't be awkward at all for her to leave in the evening then invite her over.

Elsewise, go out.



 [cvillette](#)

[February 15 2008, 18:28:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Um. I think she's okay at my place. Tiny though it is. She's had breakfast there. (I slept on the couch. I slept on the couch!)



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 15 2008, 18:31:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The kitty has a point about potential awkwardness at some point in the evening (the "So, this has been great." "Yeah." "I should go." "Yeah." point). And yet! Your teenytiny apartment is cozy and low-pressure and says, "We are friends first, yes? Yes!"

Plus, chili. Mmmmm.

Okay, how about this: invite her over for dinner, have dinner, and if there needs to be some sort of shift in the logistics, propose walking down the street to the coffee place across from the laundromat (doesn't it stay open until like 3 a.m.?). Then you can have coffee and macaroons and either see her back to her car or saunter back up to your place.

(Also, is Elmer old enough to have children already? Oh, how quickly they grow up...)



 [cvillette](#)

[February 15 2008, 18:39:04 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

You are a wise harpy, and it shall be as you say.

panicks

Elmer gets subdivided and fed again when I get home (he got his second feeding with my breakfast), and then by midnight he should be ready to be put to work. You are supposed to let the bread rise for a long time someplace cool, so I thought I would leave it out overnight, and bake it in the morning.

nom nom nom....

And that way if it comes out terrible, I have time to make tortillas instead.



 [eljefe](#)

[February 15 2008, 22:37:41 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

There is always time to make tortillas. Robert Rodriguez's 10 minute cooking school FTW



 [asciikitty](#)

[February 15 2008, 20:21:52 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

oh! that was exactly my point.

and you are filled with the brilliant.



 [trollcatz](#)

[February 15 2008, 18:39:46 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

You are champeen wingman.



 [cilande](#)

[May 21 2008, 18:01:40 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hope you don't mind the several month's late comment. Reading LJ archives is apparently What I Do while waiting for the next build. :-)

It's wonderful when you can manage those moments. The last time I pulled that off... Well, some background:

Me and cleaning? Like you and cooking. Sure, I do the small stuff: dishes, garbage, cat boxes, but vacuum? Isn't that what happens when you get too far from a planetary surface?

Anyway, I was on vacation and decided To Clean The Kitchen Floor. As a surprise. Two hours later with

sponge, toothbrush, about a pint of floor cleaner and way too much help from the cats (No! Muddy feet stay in garage! Go away! No food! Nothing to see!) the Ocean of Kitchen(tm) was clean. The love of my life comes home, takes two steps into the house, stops:

"It smells clean. *What* did you do?"

I also got a rediction of "floor too shiny! can't see! my eyes!" 'twas A Moment.